



Failt-Ye Times



VOL. XXII. NO. 1

MACDONALD COLLEGE

Friday, October 9, 1959

FOOTBALL OPENS SATURDAY

1959-60 SLAVES



Present at the first Staff Meeting of the Failt-Ye were: 1st Row, L. to R. Durrel Smith, *Circulation Mgr.*, Sam Portch, *Men's Sports Ed.*, Tom Dunphy, *Ed-in-Chief*, Pierre Séguin, *Managing Ed.*, Pete Apedaile, *Advertising Ed.*, Ian Yates, *Photography Ed.* Second Row: Sue Bernardin, *Women's Sport Ed.*, Barbara Armstrong, *Assistant Ed.*, Lorna McKelvey, *Associate Ed.*, Gale Thomas, *Art Ed.*, Betty Carscadden, *Features Ed.*, Alison Reid, *News Ed.* Absent: Lyn Berchevaise, *Photography Ed.*

The Failt-Ye greets you . . . Welcome once again to the pages of your paper. The "Times" is back to serve you for another year . . . Another year dedicated to a constantly improved paper . . . Another year where the clamor for more student contributions will be heard still louder.

The "Times" will need *controversy* during '59-'60. Controversy dealing with any topic susceptible to stir the campus mind. It will also need objective articles, human interest stories, humour and foreign reports. It would appreciate a closer participation at the POST-GRADUATE level.

The people holding "Failt-Ye" offices cannot run the paper by themselves. If they do, for lack of student cooperation, it means that a small group is getting \$180, a week from you students (cost of Failt-Ye publication) in order to express personal opinions . . . don't let that happen. You have the precious right of self-expression at your finger tips so don't be shy with the words.

We, of the staff, will of course continue the age-old fight for student rights. Victories have been won in the past . . . Victories will be won again.

The new tabloid format having been well received by advertisers, we now can foresee the possibility of putting out a few trial issues

comprising 6 PAGES. This is a good indication that we are starting off on the right foot with a healthy financial status.

The rest has yet to come . . . Let's all rally round the flag of journalism and make this year's Failt-Ye the best ever.

INITIATION WEEK



"Yeah Sophs!" That was the victory cheer last week as once again the Sophomores showed the Freshmen who was boss. Now initiation is all over and the victims have settled down to a normal college life.

We will never forget the chap who fished for hours in a waste paper basket and the girl who bowed and said "I'm a mummy" at each table in the dining hall. Seniors appreciated having their shoes shined and their clothes brushed; some lucky guys were even fed!

"I thought the Sophs were doing it to be mean", the candid opinion of one Coed, soon spread, and rumors circulated about a bed dumping expedition for retaliation

in Stewart Hall; several were carried out in the men's residence.

It did not take long either for the Sophs to find out how inconvenient initiations was. Going for rides around the campus was fun but getting up early to inspect their charges was a different matter.

With initiation a thing of the past we all look forward to another year, a year that we hope will be successful in all ways.

Play Ottawa St. Pat's at 2p.m.

The regular season of the Ottawa-St. Lawrence Football Conference opens (tomorrow) when Mac Aggies play host St. Patrick's College of Ottawa.

When the opening whistle gets play under way, the 1959 edition of the Macdonald Aggies will stage their first league showing before home fans. Veterans of past years on the Mac gridiron, augmented by many new promising rookies comprise what appears to be one of Mac's most promising rosters. In exhibition showings to date, the Aggies have lived up to all expectations by rolling over Hawksbury Hawks, 52-19 last Saturday and by only being slightly nosed out, 21-18, by last year's league champions, Loyola Warriors the previous weekend.

Announcement

First Prom of the year —

**"ARCTIC
ANTICS"**

Friday November 6, 1959

Everybody Welcome!

Get your date now and avoid the rush!

In Memoriam



Known by all as "T.K." he was described by many as the goodwill ambassador of the class of '62. From the day of his arrival as a Freshman last September, his jovial hello, spurring walk, blowing transistor radio, his eye-catching initiation card. T. K. Waterhouse, captured the hearts of everyone he met.

He was a staunch supporter of his class. The class yell was T.K.'s idea and his booming voice could always be heard above everyone else's in the dining hall or at the interclass games — bursting forth with 62-62 . . .

T.K. could be always found in the coffee shop of which he was a representative, usually in violent discussions supporting the homeland of which he was intensely fond, or supporting the rights of the Freshmen.

May we offer our sincere condolences to Mr. and Mrs. Waterhouse as we pay our respects to a true friend and a wonderful member of our Clan Macdonald.

No, Mac won't be the same this year. Someone is missing from the old gang.

With the return to college came the saddening news of the accidental death of Timothy Kenneth Waterhouse at Grimsby Ontario, on September 17th. He was indeed one of the more colourful figures of our campus.

CONTEST

Participate in making the Macdonald College Royal the greatest student activity ever on campus. The Directors are sponsoring a theme contest in order that all the students may contribute to its success. Each student has an equal opportunity to take part in this first competition of the 1960 Royal. The number of entries is unlimited and the remuneration will be a voucher from the coffee shop.

The winning theme will be used as the nucleus from which the 1960 Royal will project to the students here at Mac.

Entries will be accepted from Oct. 14th to 16th in the ballot box beside Mr. Jeffries desk in the Foyer.

Get hep! Get keen!
Give the Royal a theme.

LIT AND DEB NEWS

Next Wednesday, Oct. 14, Lit and Deb are sponsoring Amateur Nite. This gives those who have talent a chance to share it with the rest of the college. Besides gaining stage experience they will also earn points for their class towards the *Judy Brugar Trophy*. This trophy is awarded to the class that accumulates the largest number of points in Lit and Deb activities.

The Wednesday following Amateur Nite the Class Plays are slated to begin. These plays are one of the highlights of the Lit and Deb season and are the cause of strong interclass rivalry.

Lit and Deb activities offer something for each and every one of you. So, let's all get out there and join in the fun!

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THE FAILT-YE TIMES

"The Voice of Macdonald College"

Published weekly by the Board of Publications, Macdonald College.

The opinions expressed herein are those of the Editorial Staff and not necessarily those of the Students' Council.

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A Message

R.R. No 3, Uxbridge, Ont.
September 1959.

Since the expression "Failt-Ye" springs from the Gaelic word "Greetings" and was used when friends met, may I take the liberty of saying Failt-Ye to everyone at Mac.

Many faces will be unknown by the Class of '59 who completed their final year at Mac only last spring. However, I am certain that the new numbers will take their places among the happy family at Mac and be prepared to assume the responsibilities which are associated with such a community.

To all of you who are friends of the graduating class, and I trust this excludes no one, I can only express our thanks for your help in the past and request that you make the most of your college life as it passes all too quickly.

My best wishes go to Don MacNaughton and the other members of the Students' Council along with the hope that all of their aspirations will be realized.

I am sure the welcome mat will be rolled out on the 17th of October.

Sincerely,
EARLE DOBSON,
Past President Students' Council.

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I.S.O. back on Campus

Dr. D. L. Macfarlane, speaking on "Canada's Role in World Affairs", viewed with some concern its "3rd. string" position in International politics.

He was addressing the first gathering of the International Student's Organization. Speaking in favor of the non-nuclear policy of the Labor Party in the forthcoming elections in the United Kingdom, he outlined how the outcome of the elections would affect Canada. His 75 minute speech touched upon Canada's role on the United Nations, the Technical Assistance Programmes and the Colombo Plan.

The I.S.O. holds such meetings every alternate Sunday. Anyone interested in broadening his or her knowledge of world affairs is most welcome.

A surprise speaker has been mentioned for the next meeting on Sunday October 11.

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ENROLMENT UP

The student enrolment at Macdonald College this year shows a net rise over last year. Approximately 260 Aggies are registered — this is a slight increase from 1958. The number of Home Economics students remains at about 120.

At last count there were 592 Teachers enrolled, a third of these taking a one year elementary course. The number of post graduate teachers is about double that of last year; the Phys. Ed. roll is slightly less.

Ode to a Coffe Shop

In the Room
They come and go
Talking of you
me
And who's to know
Their face sbent
Their smiles
Secure
In knowledge that
To be
Demure
Is to be sure to
be sure.

The hollow cup
leans
Upon the hollow table
As the headpieces,
Headpieces filled with
straw.
Straw and pulp,
The quietless straw, the
Quietless
Pulp
Indented by the
Drumming, drumming . . .
Drumming of the College
Fore-
Finged.

An on the shapeless
Colourless
Floor
Cockroaches scuttle across
Dusty tile,
Where
Ostensibles
Dare to tread.

Features

TO AN OLD JACKET

The jacket hands on a nail in the summer kitchen, just above the woodbox. It is old — the brown gaberdine long faded under the sun and rain, the elbows worn and mended — and the soft flannel lining, once a scarlet plaid, now well subdued by time. There are dog hairs on the cuffs, and chestnuts in the pockets.

The jacket reeks of memories. To picture it there on its nail in the kitchen is to smell once again the sweet smoke of burning maple leaves; to see the geese pumping south in smart formation, to hear the crow's rapacious caw. With a sudden twinge of nostalgia, one is aware of another Canadian autumn, and of the inexplicable and plaintive restlessness that is a part of it.

All the familiar rites of October are dutifully performed. In backyards right across Eastern Canada men are burning leaves, while in the kitchens the women scald jars and strain grapes for jelly and wine. As Thanksgiving approaches the "sacrificial" turkeys are drawn and stuffed. The vines are laden with pumpkins, waiting to be harvested.

Planning a nocturnal orchard raid or a chestnut roast, children gather in excited and secretive little knots. Drying walnuts cover attic floors, filling the room with their pungent scent; squirrels patter over the rooves, and ears

of seed corn hang from the rafters.

The haze of Indian summer lies over the land, and a flame of color burns through the hills. Swirling in gusts across the rocky slopes, yellow poplar leaves pile up among the sumacs growing between the crevices and along the fences.

And then the sun sets, and the autumn night closes in, crisp and clear, with a harvest moon so big and orange that it makes one ache. Up it goes, swinging high above the coniferous gloom, where the naked birches stand white against cedar and pine.

It is during these short days and nights, between the heat and the winter snow, that one can, for a short while, take up that jacket once again and go off into October to rediscover what was left behind among the dog hairs and burning leaves of other years. Then too, it is during this, of all the seasons, that one is most apt to agree with the observation that all loving is really a love of life. Even the loving of an old jacket.

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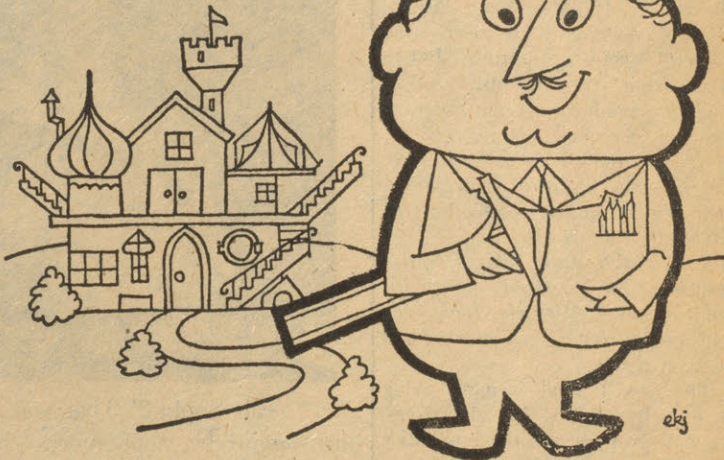
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Sport News

Soccer Preview

The Mac Aggies soccer team will vie for top honours, in the Ottawa-St. Lawrence Conference championship 1959-60, against S.G.W.C., McGill, R.M.C., C.M.R., and Loyola.

The team is determined to wrest the crown from R.M.C., last season's champions, and to return it to its familiar surroundings at Mac.

Training has been in progress for the past weeks under the capable hands of the coach Mr. Les Clarke. When asked to comment on the team, he said: "We have with us this year the best soccer potential that we have had in many years. However, if we are to emerge as victors then the fellows must maintain a serious attitude towards their training program."

The lineup includes the old stalwarts Martin Barnard (Captain of the team), John Courtney (M.V.P.), and Denny Jolly — playing on the defence. Of last year's forward line, there remains Lawrence Lowe, Don Holness, and Hugh Saben.

Outstanding newcomers are Frank Stephani on defence, and Frank Lieberman, Pat Panico, and John Burnside on the offence.

Best of luck to the team, and let's not overlook one important aspect, the rest of the college on the sidelines, encouraging the "Big Green Team".

LOUIS WALKER

Women's Sports

The fall sports season is in full swing with the tennis practices and tournaments well under way.

Inter-class tournaments are in progress and final matches should be played within the week. Beginners' classes are being held weekly under the watchful eye of Carol Coutts, Tennis Manager, and the helpful instruction of two well known Phys. Eds. play off their matches now while Tournament players are asked to the good weather is still with us.

The soccer team started their season with their first game against Macdonald High last Wednesday, and continue their schedule next Thursday Oct. 15, against Hudson Hig. Turnouts for practices have been excellent, and practices continue every Tuesday and Thursday at 6:30 P.M. Soccer Manager this year is Heather Dickson who has succeeded in recruiting some of last year's team — Pat Atkinson, Anne Dilley, Ruth Hudson, and Sally SSE Marg Orser, Sheila Cameron, Ruth Hudson, and Sally Kemp — in order to keep that spirit high.

The annual Track and Field Tabloid Meet will take place Wednesday, October 14, at 2:00 P.M., weather providing. Any class may enter as many teams of ten members each as it wishes. Ten events are scheduled, and competition against standards is the main object of the meet. By the way, in order to insure maximum participation, all lectures will be cancelled from 1:30 on — Come out and support your team!

As the season progresses this column will keep you alert to the happenings in the world of women's sports on and off the campus. Watch the W.A.A. notice board for times and schedules as they are posted, and let's get out to those games!

SUE BERNARDIN

The Lakeshore Film Society

Season 1959-60

The following films have been booked for the 1959-60 season. The evenings of March 7th and 21st have been left open in order to take advantage of any outstanding films that become available during the course of the season.

In addition, if membership (i.e. finances) warrants, one or two bonus film evenings will be added to the programme. All dates are Mondays and films are shown in Room 258, Main Building, Macdonald College, beginning at 8.30 p.m. One or two selected short films will be shown with each feature. Programme notes are sent to members during the week before the showings.

October 5 — *The Maltese Falcon* (U.S.A. 1943). John Huston's literal adaptation of the thriller by Dashiell Hammett. With Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet and Mary Astor.

October 19 — *La Grande Illusion* (France 1937). Directed by Jean Renoir, this celebrated anti-war film features Jean Gabin, Erich Von Stroheim and Pierre Fresnay. Voted one of the twelve best films ever made.

November 2 — *I Vitelloni* (Italy 1953). Federico Fellini, who also made *La Strada* and *Nights of Cabiria* wrote and directed this story of shiftless youths.

November 16 — *Day of Wrath* (Denmark 1944). Carl Theodor Dreyer's sombre study of good and evil in medieval Denmark.

December 7 — *The Hunters* (U.S.A. 1957). A remarkable documentary film produced by the Peabody Museum of Archeology and Ethnology.

January 18 — *Citizen Kane* (U.S.A. 1941). Orson Welles' unusual biography based on the life of William Randolph Hearst.

February 1 — *Ugetsu Monogatari* (Japan 1952). A story of earthy, peasant realism, contemplation and mysticism set in 16th century Japan. Grand Prize winner at Venice.

February 15 — *Othello* (U.S. S.R. 1955). A Russian version, in colour, of Shakespeare's play. Directed by Sergei Yutkevich and dubbed in English.

March 7 — to be announced.

March 21 — to be announced.

Student tickets at the cost of \$3.00 may be obtained from Dr. Francis Crook, Box 210 Macdonald College.

Then Rex did free-hand piddling

With fancy flirts and flits

Like "double dip" and "gimlet

twist"

And all those latest hits.

PIDDLE No. 10.

And all the time this country dog

Did never wink or grin,

But piddled blithely out of town

As he had piddled in.

THE PUDDLE.

The city dogs conventions held

To ask, "What did defeat us?"

But no one ever put them wise

That Rex had diabetes.

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PIDDLE No. 1.

A farmer's dog came into town,
His Christian name was Rex,
A noble pedigree had he,
Unusual was his text.
And as he trotted down the street
"Twas beautiful to see
His work on every corner"
His work on every tree.

PIDDLE No. 2.

He wasted every gatey too,
And never missed a post,
For Piddling was his specialty
And piddling was his boast.
The City Curs looked on amazed
With deep and jealous rage
To see a simple country dog
The piddler on the age.

PIDDLE No. 3.

Then all the dogs from everywhere
Were summoned with a yell,
To sniff the country stranger o'er
And judge him by the smell.
Some thought that he a kind
might be
Beneath his tail a rose,
So every dog drew near to him
And sniffed it up his nose.

PIDDLE No. 4.

They smelled him over one by one,
They smelled him two by two,
And noble Rex, in high disdain,
Stood still till they were thru.
Then just to show the whole
shebang
He didn't give a damn
Te trotted in a grocery store
And piddled on a ham.

PIDDLE No. 5.

He piddled in a mackerel keg —
He piddled on the floor,
And when the grocer kicked him out

He piddled through the door.
Behind him all the city dogs
Lined up with instinct true
To start a piddling carnival
And see the stranger through.

PIDDLE No. 6.

They showed him every piddling
post

They had in all the town,
And started in with many a wink
To pee the stranger down.
They sent for champion piddlers
Who were always on the go,
Who sometimes did a piddling
stunt

Or gave a piddle show

PIDDLE No. 7.

They sprung these on him suddenly
When midway in the town;
Rex only smiled and polished off
The ablest, white or brown.
For Rex was with them every
trick

With vigor and with vim,
A thousand piddlers more or less
Were all the same to him.

PIDDLE No. 8.

So he was wetting merrily
With hind leg kicking high,
When most were hoisting legs in
bluff

And piddling mighty dry.
On and on, Rex hought new
grounds

By piles and scraps and rust,
Till every city dog went dry
And piddled only dust.

PIDDLE No. 9.

But on and on with noble Rex
As wet as any rill,
And all the champion city pups
Were pee'd to a standstill.

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Dancing Nightly in Our Grill

"A PROBLEM"

This is the first of a series by McGraw and Wilson on that ever-popular marriage question or "problem". The first will be devoted to the *negative* or man's side of the question, while the last will deal with the *positive* or ladies side of the matter.

If You Are Single Men Beware! The Odds Are Against You.

So you want to stay single! Admirable, Sir, but difficult. If you are 20, the odds are 17 to 3 against you.

Doubtful? Well, the facts, figures, odds, and agenda in these articles are carefully culled from the world Almanac, the bureau of labour statistics, the Canadian Census Bureau, assorted texts books, and personal interviews with social workers and physicians.

There are four million unmarried females in the nation and 60 of them are at Macdonald College alone. If you are a single male it is open season on you. The odds are against you from the first gun (shotgun) until the final bell—wedding variety.

Our researchers have found that you are safest in the deep south. But for the love of Pete, stay out of the cities of Guelph, Ottawa, Montreal, Winnipeg and Calgary. Those little western gals are the best at snaring males. Your best choices are the cities of Vancouver, Toronto, and Oakalaga, B. C. The first two have the lowest marriage rate in the nation, while the charming village of Oakalaga, B. C. is uninhabited.

But keeping your eye on the map alone is not enough. WE recommend you carry a calendar with you at all times. You're in great jeopardy during June. Next is September, with October a close third. You can breathe easiest in March and April. The idealists feel that the ladies show some kind of mercy at income tax time.

Millions of the best minds in Canada are at work to get you to the altar. Their ranks, include dress designers, real estate agents, grocers, obstetricians, clergymen, beauty parlour operators, foam rubber companies, and the skilled (if unprincipled) editors who distribute millions of words each year on how little Mary Jane can learn man-trapping.

Perhaps the unkindest blow of all comes when we realize that mother nature is our most dreaded adversary.

Brattled urges are forever popping up to undermine the resistance of the bachelor. When they appear, tear yourself from the siren's arms. Run around the block, to pushups, climb trees, dig ditches, lift bar-bells — do ANYTHING that is at once wild and exhausting! There is nothing

like a good sweat to thwart the best-designed trap. Then, too, such antics might convince the lady you've lost your reason. Only the most desperate woman will pursue an idiot.

Still, the unhappy fact remains that you may still be lured into the great move. Let's look at some reasons why you should DOGONE sure OUGHT to stay single.

Looking forward as a home-cooking kind of bliss. Brother, stay single and sign in at a good boarding house. Nine to one you will not marry a good cook. Whatever you marry, look at what she'll eat in her lifetime. Fifteen calves, twelve hogs, ten thousand eggs, 9000 pounds of potatoes, 8000 pounds of sugar, 14,000 pounds of fruit, 6000 quarts of milk, 1300 chickens, 20 steers, and 7000 loaves of bread. And those are only the basic items. Before she's through that trim lovely will have nibbled her way through more than 100 tons of assorted edibles.

Now walk into the corner grocery and give us that bit about two living as cheaply as one. "BA-LOGNA"

REX THEATRE

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ASK ANY GIRL

(Technicolor)

SHIRLEY MACLAINE
DAVID NIVEN

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and 9:15

Sun. to Tues., Oct. 11, 12, 13

PORK CHOP HILL

GREGORY PECK
RONNIE KNOX

GUN FIGHT AT DODGE CITY

(Technicolor)

JOEL MCCREA
JULIE ADAMS

Wed. to Sat., Oct. 14, 15, 16, 17

NORTH BY NORTHWEST

(Technicolor)

CARY GRANT
EVE MARIE SAINT
JAMES MASON

Feature twice nightly at 7:00
and 9:15

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ONE MAN'S OPINION

Faith is that which makes us say: "I hope — I can — I shall — I will — I have." Faith need not necessarily mean faith in God, as most people are apt to think when they are first confronted with the word. Faith can be in anything — in the earth, in which you have sown your seed; in the sky, into which you look turn for comfort; in your friends — even in your enemies! Yes, faith is everywhere. For without Faith you cannot live. It is the only other item besides air and water which supports mankind on earth — because you have faith you seek that most elusive or rewards — happiness; because you have faith you live.

It is very easy to demonstrate that you have faith, that all of us have faith. Have you ever heard of someone or known someone who committed suicide. Then that someone had lost all faith — and since you, who are reading this now, are still alive, you have not lost faith. If you had, you would have committed suicide, or if you ever lose faith, you will commit suicide. That is an indefatigable law of faith; you either have it, or you don't have it, and if you do not have it you cease to exist. Another law is that there are no degrees of faith — even the minutest bit of faith is faith — for that is the barrier between life and death. A matchstick floating in the sea is faith for a drowning man. Some of you may call it hope. The difference is technical. Hope in God, usually means Faith, as distinguished from ordinary hope. In this discussion faith means hope and faith.

Just as there are two minds — the conscience and the sub-conscience, so there are two faiths — conscious faith and sub-conscious faith. You are aware of the former; unaware of the latter.

Conscious faith with eyes closed — (thought blocked out + implicit belief) — is religious belief.

Conscious faith with eyes open and active thought participation is hope.

Sub-conscious faith is universal.

To be truly religious, you have to believe implicitly — no questions asked. Your thought processes must not probe, must not ask, must not seek — for that is trespassing. A good soldier is truly religious — he does what is asked to him without asking questions.

Since the process of thought makes an individual, a truly religious persons has no individuality. A soldier in the army has no individuality. He belongs to a mass — to the mass, rather.

A religious man is a mass of clay, that once moulded, dries into a set form and is incapable of further change. Change can only be brought about by breaking this form; there is no other way — unless the clay is such moulded again — but then, what that it may be wetted and is this clay if not "religion". And what religion will allow itself to remoulding.

A scientist has individuality; he is always ready to change his theories and his opinions, if it is shown to him that he is wrong. He believes in certain things without ever having seen them, just as most people believe in God, the difference between a scientist and a priest say, is that the former supposes that the streak on the photograph is due to what he calls an electron; whereas the latter does not suppose nature is due to God — he emphatically states that God alone made this universe. That is the parting line — the line between faith — encouraged thought and faith — paralyzed thought — both are conscious faiths; one stimulates thought, the other forbids thought.

Consider for example the Jesuit Priest. The Jesuit order is one of the strictest Christian orders on this earth. It is unthinkable for a priest to doubt or disobey the word of his superior, he is, therefore, not an individual, according to our definition. However, this blind faith is only one part of him. The other part consist of a very shrewed and scientific mind. Look at the tremendous work the Jesuits are doing throughout the world. Some of the finest medical and scientific minds can be found in them. Try to discuss the virtues of atheism with them. Their ears are closed. Discuss the equation $E=mc^2$; they will expound upon it at length.

The ordinary you and I are caught somewhere between these two individualities of the Jesuit. Our faith in God is not so blind as his — because his faith is of the extremes and ours isn't — our doubts are his convictions.

The most cruel thing that can happen to a man is the suppression of his individuality by the imposition of a blind faith and the denial of thought on this faith. Of course, once the faith is implanted, the man doesn't feel it; he either really does not feel it, or he makes believe that he does not feel it. The man that was born is dead. A new man has taken his place, but this new man does not have the capacity to think consciously on the faith. (However, his mind is open to other subjects.) The mind is now in complete authority of the factor that imposed the blind faith on the mind. Revolutions and mutinies are rare. They occur via the sub-conscious faith when the blind



faith shows accidentally a chink in its armour. Many a child has had its faith shaken in Santa Claus through the negligence of his stocking by his parents. However, this chink is soon repaired by the mind; it is dreadful for a child to imagine his next Christmas without Santa Claus. This is what is happening in the "Braxe new world" and in "1984". Big Brother is the only individuality; the rest are automats.

In a free world such as ours, we have every right to question any impositions that are directed towards a paralysis of our thought processes. If we do not challenge them, we are cowards.

Choose your own faith — after all that is why you have a brain. Think! Think! Think! Not listen, listen. Maybe you will yet become an individual.

C. MIRZA

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